

THE MONTHLY REPOSITORY,

AND LIBRARY OF

Entertaining Knowledge.

VOL. I.

JUNE, 1830.

No. 1.

THE RUINS OF PERSEPOLIS.

Empires have risen—flourished—mouldered down—
And nameless myriads closed life's fleeting dream,
Since thou the peerless garden's height didst crown,
Which hung in splendor o'er the ancient stream:
Fountains, and groves, and palaces were here,
And fragrance filled the breeze, and verdure decked the year.

WE herewith present a very spirited view of the celebrated ruins of Persepolis, the ancient capital of Persia, which, in the days of its prosperity, was one of the wealthiest, as well as august cities of the world.* The magnificent pile of ruins which remains after the lapse of so many ages, was the royal palace of Darius. This grand and stately structure was surrounded with a triple wall. The first was sixteen cubits high, adorned with many splendid buildings and lofty turrets: the second was built in the same manner, but was as high again. The third was drawn like a quadrant, four square, and sixty cubits high—all of hardest marble, and so cemented, as almost to defy the ravages of time. On the four sides were brazen gates, with curtains or palisades of

* It is supposed that Alexander took one hundred and twenty thousand talents of pure gold from the city. The covetous Macedonian, not content with this, robbed the inhabitants of the city and plain of all their valuable goods, and the spoil was so great, that it required nearly six thousand camels and mules to carry it off.

the same metal, one hundred and twenty cubits high, for the double purpose of giving defence to the city, and striking the beholder with terror; these curtains or palisades were four hundred and ten paces long, and from twenty-one to thirty cubits high. This superb edifice has the walls of three of its sides still standing. The front extends six hundred paces from north to south, while the side reaching from east to west, extends 396 paces. The numerous columns, porticos, staircases, images and relievos, are exceedingly magnificent even in their ruined state, and induce the belief, that the Persian empire in all its grandeur could boast of nothing more glorious, nor have left any thing to posterity more astonishing than the report and ruins of this once splendid city.

The city stood in one of the finest plains of the east; twenty leagues long by six leagues broad; and within the compass of this plain were more than one thousand villages, adorned with beautiful gardens. Hither the victorious Alexander repaired after the sanguinary battle of Abella, in which the Persians sustained so signal a defeat; and taking Persepolis by storm, put its unoffending inhabitants to the sword, or sold them as slaves.—Alexander, during his conquest, gave himself up to feasting and drinking; during one of his entertainments, one of his mistresses assured him that it would be matter of inexpressible joy to her, were she permitted to burn the stately palace. In this request she was sustained by the courtiers and courtezans, and the drunken king cried out, “Let us revenge Greece, and fire the palace.” He arose, threw the first brand into the palace, and the harlot who had urged him to the deed, applied the second match. The palace was soon wrapped in flames—but the sequel proved that it was not the only building devoted to the destroying element. The flames rolled onward like an overwhelming and resistless deluge; and in a little while this dwelling place of thousands presented nothing but a heap of smoking ruins—one vast picture of desolation.

It is by studying at home, that we must obtain the ability of travelling with intelligence and improvement.

FEMALE INFLUENCE ON CHILDREN.

The power which well adapted books may exert on the minds of children, can hardly be stated in too extravagant terms, and will be allowed by every one to be great. And when we consider farther, that early impressions, though often weakened, are seldom entirely erased; that good seed on good ground affords an abundant return at the harvest time; that "the child is father of the man;" and that a strong direction once given, is long, and in a majority of cases always retained: and to put the subject in one other point of view, when we consider that the mother's influence, which next to the influence of heaven itself, is the best and dearest, and most heavenly, and has been the most frequently and gratefully acknowledged by its objects, may be so effectually aided in its operations by the hints which the parent receives, and the stores of auxiliary instruction and entertainment which are placed at her disposal, in judicious books for children, we shall regard such books not with pleasure alone, but with respect; we shall esteem it no act of condescension in ourselves, nor in any one, to turn over their pages; we shall perceive more solid instruction, more beauty, truth, power, in many a little work stitched up in colored paper, bearing a simple wood cut on each side, and thrown about the nursery with as much freedom of dissemination as the most ardent republican could desire, than in many a proud octavo, redolent of Russia, and tenacious of its standing on shelves of mahogany.

Such being the importance of juvenile books, who are best qualified to make them? To the first question, we answer—women. They are the best qualified to make books for children, who are most in the company of children; who have almost the sole care of children; whose natural sympathies unite them most closely with children, even such of them as have never been mothers themselves; who best know the minds, the wants, the hearts of children; and whose tenderness and gentleness gracefully bend to the ignorance of

children, and assimilate most easily and happily with their soft and confiding natures. The child, in its early years especially, has no guardian like woman, and can therefore have no instructor like woman.

And, when we come to answer the next question, who have really devoted their best talents and most anxious care to the education of children, who have written the best books for and about children? We are thankful we again can answer—women. Thirty years ago, if we had been in existence then, we could not have answered thus. We should have been compelled to say, There are no books for children; these important members of the human family are destitute; this immense, valuable, and indefinitely fertile field, lies neglected and runs to waste. No seed has been sown there for the propitious skies to mature; the grain has yet to be deposited; the weeds are yet to be eradicated; both man and woman pass it by, and take their labor to other places, and think not of redeeming it, nor know that by care and culture it may be made to blossom like the rose, and fill the earth with its fruits. This we should at that time have been obliged to say. But now we can say, that those whose part and province it was to do this work, have done it, and done it well. We can point to the names of Barbauld and Edgeworth, Taylor and Hofland, and confidently ask where there are worthier. Men talk of eras in literature. The era of the two first named of those ladies, the era of the hymns for children and the Parent's Assistant, was a golden era, pure and bright, and full of riches, and deserving a rank among the most glorious dates of improvement. Since that time, laborers have been fast coming into the same field, and have worked it well; though we must still say that those who came first worked best. Our own countrywomen have been neither tardy in advancing to this delightful task, nor inefficient in their services. We believe that the best children's books which we have, and we have many which are excellent, are the composition of females; and if we felt ourselves at liberty to do so, we could repeat an honorable, and by no means scanty list of the names of those who have

earned something better than mere reputation, by contributing to form the minds and hearts of our children. Those who are conscious that they belong to the catalogue, have little to ask of fame, and certainly nothing to receive from it half so valuable as that which they already possess—the gratulations of their own hearts.

The department of juvenile literature, then, is almost entirely in female hands. Long may it remain there. Long, for the interests of virtue and the improvement of our kind, may it be in the heart of woman to nurture the growth, and watch over and direct the early puttings-forth of youthful intellect and feeling. While she retains the office, so delightful in itself, and so grave and momentous in its ends, and even adds to its beautiful dignity by the graceful and effectual manner in which she has hitherto performed its duties, she inspires us with an admiration of a deeper and more lasting, and we must also believe, more flattering character, than was the most glowing and romantic love of the days of chivalry. Talk not to us of chivalry, unless it be in poetry, and with the usual latitude and license of poetry. In truth and in prose, the most refined devotion of knighthood and chivalry is no more to be compared, in purity and elevation, to the sentiments which female excellence now commands, than are those fair ones who then presided at the great duels which we read of under the poetical name of tournaments, and who by their presence and plaudits animated the legalized and courtly slaughter, which was raging and struggling beneath them, to be compared to the females of our own time, who as beautiful, no doubt, and as accomplished as they, find it their more appropriate privilege and pleasure to stimulate the fresh powers of childhood to the competitions of knowledge and virtue, and to hold out the meed of approbation to the exertions of innocent and ingenuous minds.

Too much reading and too little meditation, may produce the effect of a lamp inverted, which is extinguished by the very excess of that aliment, whose property it is to feed it.

CIRCLE OF THE SCIENCES, WITH SUITABLE REFLECTIONS.

ASTRONOMICAL SKETCHES.—NO. I.

Astronomy is the most ancient, sublime, perfect, and useful science, that ever engaged the attention of the thinking part of mankind. It is a science that has occupied the understandings of the most wise and learned, in all ages of the world; and which is calculated to impress the mind with the most awful and lofty views of the wisdom, power, goodness, and majesty of the Almighty.

Whether we contemplate the magnitude, number, and situation of the heavenly bodies, or the mysterious laws by which they are governed and upheld, we are equally lost in astonishment. The Royal Psalmist has elegantly expressed his sentiments on this noble and majestic subject in the eighth and nineteenth Psalms: "O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth! who has set thy glory above the heavens!—When I consider the heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and stars which thou hast ordained, what is man, that thou visitest him?—The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handy work. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge. There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard: their line is gone through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world." Or, their voice is heard without speech or language;—they speak a universal and powerful language to the minds of intelligent beings, relative to the existence and perfections of Him who created all things, and who sustains all things by the word of his power.

These beautiful sentiments of the Psalmist are agreeable to the conclusion which the wise and good of all nations have made from God's works, particularly from those of the heavens. "Men," says Plutarch, "began to acknowledge a God, when they saw the stars maintain so great harmony, and the days and nights

through all the year, both in summer and winter, to observe their stated risings and settings." "What," says Tully, "can be so plain and clear, as when we behold the heavens and view the heavenly bodies, that we should conclude there is some Deity of a most excellent mind, by which these things are governed? a present and Almighty God, which he that doubts of, I do not understand why he should not as well doubt whether or not there be a sun that shines." Thus, it is clear that his invisible perfections are manifested by his visible works, and may be apprehended by what he has made. The immensity of God's works shows his omnipotence; their vast variety and contrivance, his omniscience; and their adaptation to the most beneficent purposes, his infinite goodness.

The glorious works of God display his infinite perfections. For what power less than infinite could produce those wonderful bodies which the heavens present to our view? What architect could build such vast masses, and in such innumerable multitudes, as the heavens contain? What mathematician could so exactly adjust their distances? What mechanic so nicely adapt their motions, and so well contrive their figures, as in the very best manner to secure their own conservation, and the benefit and convenience of each other? What philosopher could communicate to every globe, and to every particle of matter in every globe, a power of such absolute necessity to its preservation as that of gravity? What chymist could ever have contrived such noble apparatus for light and heat as are the sun, the moon, and the stars? None could have done these things but God!

The most beautiful object which the heavens present to our view, is the Sun; the medium of light and animation to this lower world. This glorious luminary is placed nearly in the centre of the orbits of all the planets, which revolve around him in different periods and different distances.

It was for ages the opinion of astronomers, that the Sun was a mass of fire: and this opinion appears very plausible; as he diffuses light and heat throughout the

whole planetary system. But since the invention of the telescope, dark spots have been frequently observed upon his disc. These spots are of various magnitudes; some, it is computed, being large enough, to cover the continents of Asia and Africa; others, the whole surface of the earth; and others, even five times its surface. Their number also, is, to appearance, perpetually changing: sometimes many are visible; sometimes very few; and sometimes none at all: for as the Sun revolves on his axis, the spots are carried round from east to west, and the same phase is presented only once in twenty-five days, fourteen hours, and eight minutes, the time in which he performs a complete revolution.

Dr. Herschel imagined that these dark spots on the Sun, are mountains upon its surface. He says, that in August, 1792, he examined the Sun with telescopes of several powers, from ninety to five hundred, and it evidently appeared that the dark spots are the opaque ground, or body of the Sun; and that the luminous part is an atmosphere, which, being interrupted or broken, gives us a view of the Sun itself. Hence he concludes, that the Sun has a very extensive atmosphere, which consists of elastic fluids that are more or less lucid and transparent; and of which the lucid ones furnish us with light and heat. It appears from these observations, that the body of the Sun is opaque, like our earth and the planets. And this opinion seems much more rational than the former, which supposed this luminary to be pure fire. For, on the supposition that the Sun is a body of fire, it must of course, have been wasting its light and heat ever since its creation; and would, in process of time, become extinct; or, at least, useless, as to the purposes for which it was created. But, if we suppose the body of the Sun to be opaque, and consequently solid, we discover in it the principles of duration.

The dimensions of this globe of light, are truly astonishing. Its diameter is 883,243 miles; which is nearly twice the diameter of the Moon's orbit. And as spheres are to each other as the cubes of their diameters, the Sun is 1,384,472 times greater than our

Earth; and nearly six hundred times larger than all the planets put together.

The mean distance of the Sun from the Earth, is computed to be above 95,000,000 miles. The diameter of the Earth's orbit is, therefore, upwards of 190,000,000, and, as the diameter of a circle is to the circumference nearly in the proportion of 7 to 22, the Earth's orbit is about 600,000,000 miles in circumference.

This mighty round is travelled by the earth and all its inhabitants in 365 days, 6 hours, 9 minutes, and 12 seconds, at the mean rate of 68 000 miles an hour.

CABINET OF NATURE.

EARTHQUAKES.

Earthquakes are certainly the most terrible appearances of nature; whole cities have frequently been swallowed up by them, and many thousand persons without warning, in the midst of pleasures and of sins, have in a few moments been called to answer for their crimes before a righteous God, and palaces and cottages, temples and theatres, have been involved in one general ruin, and a lake appearing where a city stood. It is not, therefore, at all surprising, that the learned and the rude should have attempted to find out the natural cause of these most awful visitations.— They have very generally been attributed to the explosion of subterraneous air. This opinion, however, has met with an opponent in Dr. Stukely, who conceives they are occasioned by the electric fluid rushing along the surface, and probably communicating with that which is within. In combating the opinion of those who contend that subterraneous air is the cause, he mentions the earthquake which happened in Asia Minor, A. D. 17, which destroyed thirteen cities, and affected an extent of country 300 miles in diameter. Had this, he says, proceeded from a subterraneous cause, it must have moved an inverted cone of solid earth 300 miles in diameter, 900 in circumference, and about 200 in

depth, which all the gunpowder that has been made would not be able to stir, much less any vapours which could be supposed to be generated so far below the surface. Who is to decide when learned doctors disagree? Let us now hear what the unenlightened nations have to say on this subject. Of all the great phenomena of nature, earthquakes have always made the most opposite impressions on their minds, and gave rise to the most contradictory notions—some regarding them as joyful events announcing happiness, others as alarming tokens of the fury of the gods.

The Kopts break out into exultation at the appearance of an earthquake, as they imagine that heaven is opened, and that every celestial blessing is about to alight on the land of Egypt, in order to procure the inhabitants a plentiful supply of rain. The Kampschatdales account for earthquakes by the driving of an infernal deity beneath the earth. The earth is shaken, they say, when the dog that draws this deity scratches himself, or shakes off the snow from his hide! The tribes of the North believed, that at the time of an earthquake, poison dropped into the face of the malignant deity, who is fastened to a rock, and that, furious with the smart, he shakes the foundations of the earth! The people of Chili run with wooden platters on their heads, and a supply of provision for several days, to a certain mountain, by which, according to an ancient tradition current among them, they should be kept floating above the waters of a general inundation; and as they apprehend an earthquake will produce this flood, and the waters rise as high as the sun, therefore to prevent that orb from scorching their heads, they cover them with the wooden platters.

The reader has here a choice of opinions on this subject, and is at perfect liberty to choose, or even to reject the whole of them. Indifference on such a subject is no crime; but there are subjects upon which they must decide; there are questions of the most solemn import, and which every one must answer for himself. Take the following as a specimen—

“Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners.”

What evidence have I that he is my salvation? "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature." Have I passed from death unto life; have all things become new? If so, then the fruits of the spirit will appear in my conduct, the glory of God will rest upon me and "the joy of the Lord will be my strength."

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.**EURIPIDES AND SIMONIDES.**

Euripides flourished about 407 years before Christ. He was one of the Greek poets who excelled in tragedy, and was a native of the island of Salamis. He studied under the most celebrated masters, and frequented the lectures of Anaxagoras for natural philosophy, and of Perdicus for rhetoric.

We are told that Socrates never appeared at the theatre, but when Euripides contended with the tragedians, for the tragedies of this poet were so full of fine morality, that they were exceedingly pleasing to that philosopher. He repaired to the court of Macedon, where he met with a very agreeable reception. He there came to a tragical end, about the seventy-fifth year of his age, for as he was walking in a wood, the intenseness of his thoughts led him too far, till being met at last by the Prince's dogs which were then hunting, he was torn in pieces by them.

We have but twenty tragedies of this writer left—To inspire his mind with solemn and terrific ideas, he composed his pieces in a gloomy cave. In the opinion of many excellent judges, he was the most accomplished of all the tragic poets, having interspersed many moral reflections through his pieces.

SIMONIDES.—Simonides flourished in the time of Xerxes's expedition; he was a native of Ceos, an island in the Ægean sea, and set up a school there. He soon left his native country, upon some disappointment it is supposed, and retired to Sicily, where he was entertained at the court of Hiero, and several times escaped imminent danger of losing his life by accidents. This is
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the poet whose remark to Dionysius concerning the Deity, was so remarkable and striking—"The longer I consider the subject, the more difficult it appears to be."

In his old age he appears to have been covetous to excess even of avarice, the reason of which he gave was, that he might leave something after his death to his enemies. His way of life, we are told was narrow and mean; he was covetous, even of dishonest gain. He lived to a great age, being, when he died, ninety-two, still at the court of Hiero.

He has been censured as the first who let out the Muses for hire, and who disgraced them through a mercenary spirit. His wit was beyond the attacks of critics; his poetry was composed in almost all strains, but he succeeded chiefly in elegies. His Lamentations was one of the most famous poems he wrote, and to which Horace has an allusion. His poetical genius was so strong, that he disputed the prize of poetry at eighty years of age.

R. S.

EXAMPLES FROM HISTORY.

INTEMPERANCE—SENTIMENTS.

The sad effects of luxury are these :
 We drink our poison, and we eat disease.
 Not so, O Temperance bland, when ruled by thee,
 The brute's obedient, and the man is free ;
 Soft are his slumbers, balmy is his rest,—
 His veins not boiling from the midnight feast.
 'Tis to thy rules, bright Temperance! we owe
 All pleasures which from health and strength can flow ;
 Vigour of body, purity of mind,
 Unclouded reason, sentiments refined ;
 Unmixed, untainted joys, without remorse,
 The intemperate sensualist's never-failing curse.

'The greatest pleasures of sense turn disgustful by excess.

The gratification of desire is sometimes the worst thing that can befall us.

It was a maxim of Socrates, "that we ought to eat

and drink to live; and not to live in order to eat and drink."

Luxury may contribute to give bread to the poor; but if there were no luxury there would be no poor.

Pride and luxury are the parents of impurity and idleness, and impurity is the parent of indigence.

Sensual enjoyment, when it becomes habitual, loses its relish, and is converted into a burthen.

Be moderate in your pleasures, that your relish for them may continue.

Temperance is the preservation of the dominion of soul over sense, of reason over passion. The want of it destroys health, fortune and conscience; robs us of personal elegance and domestic felicity; and what is worst of all, it degrades our reason and levels us with the brutes.

ANACHARSIS, the Scythian, in order to deter young men from that voluptuousness which is ever attended with ill effects, applied his discourse to them in a parable, telling them, "that the vine of youthful gratification and intemperance had three branches, producing three clusters; on the first, says he, grows pleasure; on the second sottishness, and on the third sadness."

To show the dangers of intemperance, the Catholic legends tell us of some hermit to whom the devil gave his choice of three crimes; two of them of the most atrocious kind, and the other to be drunk. The poor saint chose the last as the least of the three; but when drunk he committed the other two.

EXAMPLES—One of our most celebrated poets has somewhere observed that "Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain." The following may serve as an instance. CHREMES of Greece, though a young man, was very infirm and sickly, through a course of luxury and intemperance, and subject to those strange sorts of fits which are called trances. In one of these he thought that a philosopher came to sup with him; who, out of all the dishes served up at the table, would only eat of one, and that the most simple; yet his conversation was sprightly, his knowledge great, his counte-

nance cheerful, and his constitution strong. When the philosopher took his leave, he invited Chremes to sup with him at a house in the neighborhood; this also took place in his imagination, and he thought he was received with the most polite and affectionate tokens of friendship, but was greatly surprised when supper came up, to find nothing but milk and honey, and a few roots dressed up in the plainest manner, to which cheerfulness and good sense were the only sauces. As Chremes was unused to this kind of diet, and could not eat, the philosopher ordered another table to be spread more to his taste; and immediately there succeeded a banquet composed of the most artificial dishes that luxury could invent with great plenty and variety of the richest and most intoxicating wines. These too were accompanied by damsels of the most bewitching beauty. And now Chremes gave a loose to his appetites, and every thing he tasted raised ecstasies beyond what he had ever known. During the repast the damsels sung and danced to entertain him; their charms enchanted the enraptured guest, already heated with what he had drank; his senses were lost in ecstatic confusion; every thing around him seemed Elysium, and he was upon the point of indulging the most boundless freedom, when, lo! on a sudden their beauty, which was but a vizard, fell off, and discovered to his view forms the most hideous and forbidding imaginable. Lust, revenge, folly, murder, meagre poverty, and frantic despair, now appeared in their most odious shapes, and the place instantly became the direct scene of misery and desolation. How often did Chremes wish himself far distant from such diabolical company! and how dread the fatal consequence which threatened him on every side! His blood ran chill to his heart; his knees smote against each other with fear, and joy and rapture were turned into astonishment and horror. When the philosopher perceived that this scene had made a sufficient impression on his guest, he thus addressed him: "Know, Chremes, it is I, it is Æsculapius, who have thus entertained you; and what you have here beheld is the true image of the deceitfulness and misery inseparable from

luxury and intemperance. Would you be happy, be temperate. Temperance is the parent of health, virtue, wisdom, plenty, and of every thing that can render you happy in this world or the world to come. It is indeed the true luxury of life; for without it life cannot be enjoyed." This said, he disappeared; and Chremes, awaking, and instructed by the vision, altered his course of life, became frugal, temperate, industrious; and by that means so mended his health and estate, that he lived without pain to a very old age, and was esteemed one of the richest, best, and wisest men in Greece.

Such is the beautiful moral drawn by the pen of elegant and instructive fiction; with which if there be any mind so insensible as not to be properly affected, let us only turn to that striking reality presented to us in the case of Lewis Cornaro. This gentleman was a Venetian of noble extraction, and memorable for having lived to an extreme old age; for he was above a hundred years old at the time of his death, which happened at Padua in the year 1565. Amongst other little performances he left behind him a piece entitled, "Of the Advantages of a Temperate Life." He was moved, it seems, to compose this little piece at the request and for the benefit of some young men for whom he had a regard; and who, having long since lost their parents, and seeing him, then eighty-one years old, in a fine florid state of health, were desirous to know of him what it was that enabled him to preserve, as he did, a sound mind in a sound body, to so extreme an age. He describes to them, therefore, his whole manner of living, and the regimen he had always pursued, and was then pursuing. He tells, them that when he was young he was very intemperate; that his intemperance had brought upon him many and grievous disorders; that from the thirty-fifth to the fortieth year of his age, he spent his nights and days in the utmost anxiety and pain; and that, in short, his life was grown a burthen to him. The physicians, however, as he relates, notwithstanding all the vain and fruitless efforts which they made to restore his health,

told him, that there was one method still remaining, which had never been tried, but which, if they could but prevail with him to use with perseverance, might free him, in time, from all his complaints; and that was a temperate and regular way of living. They added, moreover, that unless he resolved to apply instantly to it, his case would soon become desperate; and there would be no hopes at all of his recovery. Upon this, he immediately prepared himself for his new regimen; and now began to eat and drink nothing but what was proper for one in his weak habit of body; but this was at first very disagreeable to him. He often wanted to live again in his old manner; and did indeed indulge himself in a freedom of diet sometimes, without the knowledge of his physicians; but, as he informs us, much to his own detriment and uneasiness. Driven, in the mean time, by the necessity of the thing, and resolutely exerting all the powers of his understanding, he at last grew confirmed in a settled and uninterrupted course of temperance; by virtue of which, as he assures us, all his disorders had left him in less than a year; and he had been a firm and healthy man from thenceforward until the time in which he wrote his treatise.

THE ANCIENT AND MODERN HISTORY OF NATIONS.

ANCIENT SACRED HISTORY.

Scripture history being so much interwoven with the different parts of ancient history in general, we intend to give a rapid sketch of the principal epochs into which the Old Testament history is usually divided. In doing this, we trust, that we shall be performing a work that will be deemed useful and interesting, especially to our young readers.

The *first* remarkable period of the Old Testament history contains the age of the antediluvian patriarchs, which includes about one thousand six hundred and fifty-six years, from the creation to the deluge. The most remarkable characters who flourished during this

space of time, were our first parents, Adam and Eve, who, for disobedience to the divine command, were banished from the garden of Paradise. From these descended Cain, whose name is infamous on account of the murder of his brother Abel; and Seth, from whom the race of patriarchs descended. Under the patriarchal government every father had the sole government of his family, and exercised the power of distributing justice and inflicting punishment, according to his own will, upon those who had been indebted to him for existence. Enoch is another remarkable character, that flourished in this period, who, on account of his piety, was translated from earth to heaven.—Methuselah is celebrated on account of his great age; and Noah for having lived both before and after the flood. The antediluvian fathers are supposed to have been ignorant of arts and letters, but the great extent of their lives must have enabled them to obtain considerable knowledge of nature, and of the business of agriculture. It appears also that the art of building* and music and some of the handicraft arts were known and practised in this period.

The *second* period of ancient sacred history includes eight hundred and fifty-seven years, or the space which passed from the deluge to the going forth of the Israelites out of Egypt. Noah with his family entered the ark in the year before Christ 2348: and we are informed that when the waters assuaged, the ark rested upon Ararat, a mountain of Armenia. By this event the earth is supposed to have undergone considerable alterations; the spoils of the sea, such as the bones of fish, &c. which are frequently found on the tops of mountains and in the midst of rocks, do not merely render this supposition highly probable, but demonstrate the certainty of such an event as the deluge having taken place at some period of the world. NOAH had three sons, Shem, Ham, and Japhet, whose descendants peopled the earth. Europe, with a part of Asia, fell to Japhet; the rest of Asia to Shem; and Africa to Ham.

* Gen. iv. 17. 21, 22.

Of the posterity of Ham and Japhet we have no certain accounts ; but the Scriptures have given us a very ample history of the descendants of Shem, the most remarkable of whom are Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and Joseph. Abraham was styled the father of the faithful. He passed into the land of Canaan, called the holy land, a district of Asia, bordering on the Mediterranean Sea, which has been since inhabited by Jews, Christians, and Mahometans, and at present is subject to the Turks. Circumcision was instituted by Abraham, by which his posterity was distinguished from other nations. Isaac, the only son of Abraham by Sarah, was father to Jacob. JACOB, afterwards called Israel, left twelve sons, the founders of the twelve tribes of Israel. With the interesting history of Joseph all our readers are doubtless acquainted. After Joseph's death the offspring of Jacob increased in Egypt to such a degree as to alarm the reigning monarch, who commanded the destruction of every male infant ; but Moses was saved by the interposition of Pharaoh's daughter. MOSES was employed in executing the divine command for freeing the Israelites from Egyptian bondage. The fate of Pharaoh and his army has been already described in our history of Egypt. The Israelites continued travelling in the deserts of Arabia forty years, when they entered into the promised land under the conduct of Joshua, which closes the second period of ancient sacred history. The circumstances which deserve particular notice in this period are the institution of the rite of circumcision by Abraham ; and the promulgation of the written law by Moses from Sinai, which is a mountain in Arabia Petrea, near the Red Sea, and about two hundred and sixty miles east of Cairo.

The *third* period of sacred history commences with the going out of the Israelites from Egypt, and extends to the time of the kings, a period of three hundred and ninety-six years. During this period the people of Israel were governed first by Joshua their leader, then by the elders, and afterwards by judges, who were extraordinary magistrates, appointed for the purpose of defending the people against their enemies ; of promulgating the

law;—and of preserving the purity of divine worship. For the history and transactions of these we refer the reader to the books of Joshua and Judges in the Old Testament. The character of Samuel, the last of the judges of Israel, deserves to be had in remembrance; he was an excellent magistrate, and upon his death, the people fell again into the practice of idolatry, and were in consequence of it oppressed and kept in bondage eight years, by Chushan, a king of Mesopotamia. This whole history exhibits striking and remarkable instances of the inconstancy of the Hebrews, and shows that their piety varied in proportion to the prosperity or adversity of their worldly concerns.

(*To be continued.*)

LIVES OF CELEBRATED CHILDREN.—NO. I.

VOLNEY BECKNER, born at Londonderry, in 1748, and devoured by a shark at the age of twelve years.

The child whom we here commemorate, had not the advantage of springing from a wealthy or distinguished family; but of what importance is birth? What is the effect of riches? They often corrupt the morals. He who is worthy, he who is honest and wise has no need of ancestors. Volney Beckner was the son of a poor Irish sailor; he received no instruction but what related to his father's profession. Yet all destitute as he was of education, he does not the less deserve a place in this biography. Nature had endowed his body with singular address and agility, and his mind with unusual intelligence and penetration. He had a soul of no common temper; and from his earliest years he discovered sentiments of valour, which would certainly have led him to great enterprises, had he run a longer course. One art essentially necessary to a sailor, and to all others who travel by sea, is that of swimming. Besides that this exercise is very favourable to the health, and that it gives suppleness to the limbs, it is indispensable in a shipwreck; there is no

medium in such a case; a person must either swim or be drowned. After little Beckner was weaned, his father taught him to move and to guide himself in the water. He threw him down into the sea from the stern of the ship; then suddenly plunging into this perfidious element, which swallows so many men and so much riches, he sought for him again. He afterwards supported him with one hand, taught him to extend his little arms and legs, and thus accustomed him from his cradle to brave dangers in their very bosom. When he grew a little bigger the ship-boy already knew how to render himself useful to the crew. In tempestuous weather, when the wind blew with violence, when it tore the sails, and the rain fell in torrents, he was not one of the last in manœuvring. When he was at the top of the highest mast, even in the fiercest of the storm, he appeared as little agitated as a passenger stretched on his hammock. Such is the force of habit and example! Happy are those who see none but good ones! Cradled in the effeminacy of cities, abandoned to timorous and ignorant nurses, most children tremble like a leaf at the creaking of a door, they are ready to faint at seeing a mouse pass by at their feet. It is not so with those who are brought up in the midst of toils, and contemplate brave men. To be fed with biscuit broken with a hatchet, sparingly moistened with muddy water full of worms, to be half covered with a garment of coarse cloth, to take some hours of repose stretched on a plank, and be suddenly awakened at the moment when his sleep was the soundest; such was the life of Volney, and yet he enjoyed a robust constitution. He never caught cold, he never knew fevers, or any of that crowd of diseases springing from gluttony and idleness. A severe and hardy education is always the best, it alone forms superior men; of this fact the history of all ages furnish us with a multitude of examples. Such was the aptitude and industry of Beckner in his twelfth year, that at this age he was judged worthy of a higher station, and double pay. The captain of the ship, on board which he served, cited him as a model to the

other boys. He did not even fear to say once, in the presence of the whole crew, "If this little man continues to conduct himself with so much valour and prudence, I have no doubt of his obtaining a place much above that which I occupy." Little Volney was very sensible to the praises that he had so well deserved. Although deprived of the study of letters, which cultivates the mind, extends our knowledge, and gives us juster ideas of things, he loved glory by instinct, and made great efforts for its acquisition. From several instances of intrepid daring, which he manifested in many dangerous emergencies, we shall only select the following, since this alone is sufficient to confer eternal honour on the memory of the young sailor.

A little girl, the daughter of an American gentleman, who was going to Port-au-Prince, had slipped from her nurse, who was ill, and ran upon deck.—There, whilst she fixed her eyes with greedy curiosity on the immense expanse of water, a sudden heaving of the ship caused her head to turn, and she fell into the sea. The father of Volney darted after her, and in five or six strokes caught her by her frock. Whilst he swam with one hand to regain the vessel, and with the other held the child close to his breast, Beckner perceived at a distance a shark advancing directly towards him. He called out for assistance. The danger was pressing. Every one ran on deck, but no one dared to go farther; they contented themselves with firing off several carbines; and the animal, lashing the sea with his tail, and opening his frightful jaws, was now just about to seize his prey. In this terrible extremity, what strong men would not venture to attempt, filial piety excited a child to execute. Little Volney armed himself with a broad and pointed sabre; he threw himself into the sea; then plunging with the velocity of a fish, he slipped under the animal, and stabbed his sword into him. Thus suddenly assailed, and deeply wounded, the shark quitted the sailor, but he returned doubly exasperated against the aggressor, who attacked him with repeated blows. What a heart-rending sight! How worthy of admiration! On one side

the American, trembling for his little girl, who seems devoted to destruction; on the other a generous mariner exposing his life for a child not his own; and here the whole crew raising their hands to heaven, on seeing young Volney contending with an enemy so greatly superior, and encountering inevitable death, to divert it from his father! Who can recall a scene like this, without dissolving into tears of tenderness.

The combat was too unequal, and no refuge remained but in a speedy retreat. A number of ropes were quickly thrown out to the father and the son, and they each succeeded in seizing one. They were hastily drawn up; already they were more than fifteen feet above the surface of the water; already cries of joy were heard: "Here they are, here they are—they are saved!" Alas! no—they were not saved! at least one victim was to be sacrificed to the rest. Enraged at seeing his prey about to escape him, the shark plunged to make a vigorous spring, then issuing from the sea with impetuosity, and darting forward like lightning, with his sharp teeth he tore asunder the body of the intrepid and unfortunate child while suspended in the air. A part of his palpitating and lifeless body was drawn up to the ship with his father and the fainting American.

Thus died at the age of twelve years and some months, this hopeful young sailor, who so well deserved a better fate. When we reflect on the generous action which he performed, and the sacred motive by which he was animated to the enterprise, we are penetrated with sorrow to see him sink under it. Yet these great examples cannot be lost. The memory of them does not perish with the individual who gave them. A faithful relation of them cannot but animate with a generous zeal the tender minds of youth, and produce from age to age the repetition of actions not less praiseworthy.

ACTIONS.—Things may be seen differently, and differently shown; but *actions* are visible, though motives are secret.

Life of Cowley.

POPULAR AND INSTRUCTIVE TALES.**THE SIGHTLESS.**

I do not always think, Ellen, said Catharine Dorman, that I could have been so happy as I now feel, under this affliction. When I first knew that I was no more to see the familiar faces that I had so long loved, I thought that as sleep, a darkness would be for ever upon my heart, as that which dwelt perpetually around me in the outward world.

The speaker was a young pale girl, who was sitting with the companion she addressed upon the steps of a vine-wreathed portico. As she turned her face while she spoke, it caught a slight flush from the rich glow of a summer sunset, and her beautiful eye—beautiful even amidst its darkness—seemed to discourse almost as eloquently as in former hours.

Ellen answered only by stooping to touch her lips to the quiet brow of her companion.

It is true, resumed the gentle speaker, that there are sometimes moments when I feel impatient and sorrowful; but when I hear the soft step of my mother, or the approaching tread of your own light foot, Ellen, your affection seems such a deep fountain of blessedness, that I wonder how I could for an instant yield to repinings. I did not love you half so well, my friend, when I could read your thoughts in your gentle eye, as now that your face has become to me only as a memory.

Then how finely acute are the other perceptions rendered by blindness! I did not know half the exquisite touches of the human voice till now—nor the thousand melodies of nature—nor the numberless delicate varieties of perfume that are mingled in the smell of sweet flowers—nor the almost impalpable differences of touch; and then although I can no longer look abroad upon the living forms of nature, I have them all pictured here upon my heart, vividly and distinctly—as a lens will throw back into a darkened apartment, in beautiful miniature proportions, a perfect shadowing of the outward scene.

It is true I cannot see the beautiful blossoms that are clustering in such profusion about my head, but I could tell them all over by their names; and although I may not look again, dear Ellen, upon the glorious sunset sky, that we have watched together so often, yet I *know* how the clouds are sprinkled, in their golden shadowing, over the blue concave—so I will not be sad that you must gaze upon them in loneliness.

Surely "God tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb." murmured Ellen, while an affectionate tear trembled on her eyelids;—then in a quicker and clearer voice she added, "Shall we sing, dear Catharine?" and the music of their sweet voices went up together.

Oh, hallow the beautiful sunset hour,
When it comes with the hush of its chastening power!
Though the thoughts of the world, through the day glare, have
been

Betwixt God and thy heart like a shadowing screen,
Now the hot pulse of nature is still'd into rest,
So cool thou the fever that burns in thy breast.

The time of the twilight!—oh cherish it well,
For its whispering hush hath a holy spell!
And the weary burden of earthly care,
Is flung from the heart by the spirit's prayer;
And the haunting thoughts of the sinful day,
Should pass with its garish beam away.

The sunset hour!—how its bright hues speak
Of the dying smile on the Christian's cheek!
And the stirring leaves, with their low sweet tone,
Have a voice to the listening spirit known:
And holier thoughts on your breast have power,
Midst the hush of the beautiful sunset hour.

INDUSTRY AND APPLICATION.

Franklin has given you a lesson rich with salutary instruction. Toil, unremitted and zealous toil; severe, searching, and untiring thought, occupied both his mind and his body. You who have read his memoirs—and who has not!—have only to contrast your own situations with that of this persevering mechanic. Imagine yourselves the rudely dressed and ungainly boy

wending his way, homeless, and penniless, through the streets of Philadelphia. Look again, and how is he changed! The materials of his greatness, arranged and strengthened by years of painful exertion, have burst forth in all their splendor. He has called about him the elements of the storm, and made, as it were, a plaything of the lightning. Kings, at the head of nations, are doing homage to his genius. The proudest and the loveliest of earth, the terrible in war, and the mighty in council, are bending like worshippers at the shrine of his intellect.

Romantic as this may seem, there was nothing of romance or poetry in the temperament of Franklin. He indeed sought out new paths, and looked deep into the phenomena of nature, and the character of man—but it was no flight of his imagination that overlooked the false and limited boundary of science. It was the fixed glance of an inquisitive, but disciplined mind.

Take Perkins for another example. He has acquired a high reputation in his native country, and in Europe. Yet had this man contented himself with listless inactivity—had he relaxed in the least from his habits of severe study and patient investigation, he would have been at this moment the very reverse of all he is—an unregarded and indolent sojourner on the great theatre of human action. Talk of genius as you may—speak of it as unsought for, an immediate revelation of transcendent power—whatever it has been called, or whatever it may be, it is useful and glorious only in those who have struggled with passion and circumstance, and built up by slow and almost imperceptible degrees, the temple of their greatness. There may be at times a phenomenon of mind which bursts forth at once in the full possession of power, like Pallas, from the brow of the infidel deity. It may flash out like a comet in the starry heaven of intellect—dazzling and flaming for a moment, but it will leave no traces of its path, no gem of light and knowledge in the horizon over which it has hurried.

RUINS OF BABYLON.

Mr. Buckingham, who, in his travels in the East, visited the site of the ancient Babylon, thus describes the ruins of that vast city.

Very few antiquities are now discernible, two towns, Ctesiphon and Saleuca, having been built with bricks taken from the ruins of Babylon. The country all around is perfectly flat and smooth, while the space within the walls presents in every part an undulating and uneven surface, caused by the immense quantity of ruins: an appearance unequivocally indicating the vast extent of the ancient city. Amidst the general desolation, a part of the celebrated tower of Babel, or temple of Belus, is still visible. This wonderful edifice, it will be recollected, is described by Herodotus, Cho. cap. 181, to have been constructed in the following manner: Its base was an extensive stone structure, perfectly square, about 800 feet in extent on every side, and 100 feet in height, on this square base was erected another similar though smaller square building, of about 600 feet in length, and 100 or upwards in height, and so on, each successive square diminishing in size up to the top. Four of these stages (if we may so term them) still remain, and the ascent is extremely easy on account of the immense quantities of rubbish which has accumulated from the fall of the upper portions. In Alexander's time, this condition of the ruins caused him, after many efforts, to abandon the design of restoring the temple of Belus, and it is calculated by Arrian, that it would have employed ten thousand men for a year to remove the rubbish, before the first attempt at rebuilding could be made. There is so much facility of ascent in consequence, that I was enabled to mount the top on horseback. The view I found extremely beautiful, and comprehending a large extent of country. The castellated palace of Semiramis, and the hanging gardens still present traces of their former grandeur. The general ruins are covered with a thick crust, which may be broken, and, in many instances, the apartments beneath may still be discerned.

INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE EXTRACTS.

BIRDS' NESTS.

"Where the birds make their nests: as for the stork, the fir trees are her house." PSALMS CIV. 17.

Most admirable is that wisdom and understanding which the Creator hath imparted to the birds of the air whereby they distinguish times and seasons, choose the properest places, construct their nests with an art and exactness unattainable by man, and secure and provide for their young. Is it for the birds, O Lord, which have no knowledge thereof, that thou has joined together so many miracles? Is it for the men who gave no attention to them? Is it for those who admire them, without thinking of thee? Rather is it not thy design, by all these wonders, to call us to thyself? to make us sensible of thy wisdom, and to fill us with confidence in thy bounty, who watchest so carefully over these inconsiderable creatures, two of which are sold for a farthing.

Wesley's Survey.

EVENING.

There are two periods in the life of man, in which the evening hour is peculiarly interesting—in youth and in old age. In youth we love it for its mellow moonlight, its million stars, its then rich and soothing shades, its still serenity; amid these we can commune with our loves or twine the wreaths of friendship, while there is none to bear us witness but the heavens and the spirits that hold their endless sabbath there—or look into the deep bosom of creation, spread abroad like a canopy above us, and look and listen till we can almost see and hear the waving wings and melting songs of other worlds—to youth the evening is delightful; it accords with the flow of his light spirits, the fervor of his fancy, and the softness of his heart. Evening is also the delight of virtuous age—it affords hours of undisturbed contemplation; it seems an emblem of the calm and tranquil close of busy life—serene, placid, and mild, with the impress of its great Creator stamped upon it; it spreads its quiet

wings over the grave, and seems to promise that all shall be peace beyond it.

—◆—
LOVE.

Love is the fountain and principle of all practical virtue. But love itself requires some regulation to direct its exertions; some law to guide its motion; some rule to prevent its aberrations; some guard to hinder that which is vigorous from becoming eccentric. With such a regulation, such a law, such a guard, the divine ethics of the gospel have furnished us.

—◆—
AN EXTRACT.

He who would undermine those foundations upon which the fabric of our future hope is reared, seeks to beat down that column which supports humanity. Let him think but a moment, and his heart will arrest the cruelty of his purpose. Would he pluck its little treasure from the bosom of poverty? Would he wrest the crutch from the hand of age, and remove from the eye of affliction the only solace of its woe? The way we tread is rugged at best; we tread it, however, lighter by the prospect of the better country, to which we trust it will lead. Tell us not it will end in the gulf of eternal dissolution, or break off in some wild which Fancy may fill up as she pleases, but Reason is unable to delineate; quench not that beam which, amid the night of this world, has cheered the despondency of ill-requited worth, and illumined the darkness of suffering virtue."

—◆—
SERENITY.

A military officer being at sea, in a dreadful storm, his lady, who was sitting near him, and filled with alarm for the safety of the vessel, was so surprised at his composure and serenity, that she cried out, "My dear, are you not afraid? How is it possible you can be so calm in such a storm?" He arose from a chair lashed to the deck, and supporting himself by a pillar of a bed-place, he drew his sword and pointing it to the breast of

his wife, he exclaimed, "Are you not afraid?" She instantly replied, "No, certainly not." "Why?" said the officer. "Because," rejoined his lady, "I know the sword is in the hand of my husband, and he loves me too well to hurt me." "Then (said he) remember I know in whom I have believed, and that He holds the winds in his fist, and the waters in the hollow of his hand."

THE INFIDEL.

It is an awful commentary on the doctrine of infidelity, that its most strenuous supporters have either miserably falsified their sentiments in the moment of trial, or terminated their existence in obscurity and utter wretchedness. The gifted author of the "Age of Reason," passed the last years of his life in a manner which the meanest slave that ever trembled beneath the lash of the task-master, could have no cause to envy. Rousseau might indeed be pointed out, as in some degree an exception—but it is well-known, that the enthusiastic philosopher was a miserable and disappointed man. He met death it is true, with something like calmness, but he had no pure and beautiful hope beyond the perishing things of the natural world. He loved the works of God for their exceeding beauty—not for their manifestation of an overruling intelligence. Life had become a burthen to him, but his spirit recoiled at the dampness and silence of the sepulchre—the cold, unbroken sleep, and the slow wasting away of mortality. He perished, a worshipper of that beauty which but faintly shadows forth the unimaginable glory of its Creator. At the closing hour of day—when the broad West was glowing like the gates of Paradise, and the vine-hung hills of his beautiful land were bathed in the rich light of sunset, the philosopher departed. The last glance of his glazing eye, was to him an everlasting farewell to existence—the last homage of a god-like intellect to holiness and beauty. The blackness of darkness was before him—the valley of the shadow of death was to him unescapable and eternal—the better land beyond it was shrouded from his vision.

FIVE REASONS FOR NOT USING SPIRITUOUS LIQUORS.

1. Because it poisons the blood and destroys the organs of digestion. 2. Because an *enemy* should be kept *without* the gate. 3. Because I am in health and need no medicine. 4. Because I have my senses and wish to keep them. 5. Because I have a *soul* to be saved or lost. To the man whose mind is untouched by all or any of the above reasons, a volume on the subject would be useless. He is unfitted for society; and the sooner he is in his grave the better—*better* for society and for himself—For society—because of his example—For himself—because his future torment will be less.

DUTY.

When we act according to our duty, we commit the event to Him by whose laws our actions are governed, and who will suffer none to be finally punished for obedience. But when, in prospect of some good, whether natural or moral, we break the rules prescribed to us, we withdraw from the direction of superior wisdom, and take all consequences upon ourselves.

NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

REVIEW.

Addresses on the Beatitudes; By Mrs. Cameron. 18mo., pp. 72. 75 cents per doz.: 8 cents each.

The first thought which arose in our mind upon a cursory glance at the pages of this excellent little book, was, Here, at last, is some solid substantial food for the youthful mind, amid the piles of light, enticing viand and empty trash which are daily offered! It is really of a different cast from the popular productions of the day, and therefore we are not surprised that it should not give universal satisfaction. Those who can relish nought but 'tales,' or amusing narratives, (often novels in disguise,) may think these simple and impressive lectures dry, and alarm themselves with the anticipation that 'it will be difficult to get children to read them. But there is too deep knowledge of human nature, too intimate ac-

quaintance with the habits and mental associations, and feelings of children; and above all, too pure, religious truth, in this book, to leave it devoid either of interest or effect. We do not doubt—we regret that it should be so; but we do not doubt that the taste which is being formed in the youthful mind, for what may emphatically be called dainty reading, will bar these valuable addresses from access to the perusal, and from influence upon the hearts of very many; but we still hope, nay, we feel confident, that they will be the means of stimulating and guiding many children in the successful pursuit of those divine beatitudes, whose value and the way to whose attainment they do most faithfully and intelligibly exhibit and commend.

Maternal Instructions: or History of Mrs. Murray and her Children.
18mo. pp. 180.

This little volume contains more instructive matter than is often to be met with in a single book designed for the use of children. It is an account of the manner, in which Mrs. Murray, a prudent, judicious, and pious mother, proceeded in the education of her children, whose minds she endeavoured to imbue with sentiments of piety and benevolence, both by her instructions, and her example. The narrative is given in a plain and simple style, and with the exception of a few passages, in which allusion is made to natural scenery, or something else, peculiar to Scotland, where the author resided, may be understood by many of even the youngest Sabbath school children; and if read with care, cannot fail to increase their knowledge and improve their minds and hearts.

The Orphan Boy. By Mrs. Sherwood. 18mo. pp. 16.

The truth that though all have not silver and gold, yet that few are destitute of talents of some kind or other which may be profitably employed in serving God, and promoting the welfare of our fellow men, is most happily illustrated in the story of a little orphan, who, provided with temporal goods by others of the villagers, was faithfully instructed and well furnished with the bread which endureth, divine truth, by an aged and pious widow, whose penury alone prevented her providing him with food and raiment. Many useful lessons are taught throughout the book, and pointed out in the addition.

A Dictionary of important names, objects, and terms found in the Holy Scriptures. By Rev. Howard Ma'com. 1 vol. 18mo. 1830.

There are few books, if any, in existence, so well calculated as this to inspire the young with a taste for reading the Scriptures. The child, in reading the Bible, meets with many words and allusions to ancient customs which it is impossible for him to understand, and which considerably lessen the pleasure he would otherwise take in this exercise. By referring to this book he finds all

necessary explanations, and by its assistance gains a far greater knowledge of the Bible, and consequent love for it, than he possibly could do by reading six times the amount of matter with these difficulties unexplained. It is of convenient price and size, and though particularly useful to children will be found a valuable acquisition to adults.

P O E T R Y .

ON THE SUMMIT OF AN EGYPTIAN PYRAMID.

THRON'D on the sepulchre of mighty Kings,
 Whose dust in solemn silence sleeps below,
 Till that great day, when sublunary things
 Shall pass away ev'n as the April bow
 Fades from the gazer's eye, and leaves no trace
 Of its bright colors, or its former place,

I gaze in sadness o'er the scenery wild,—
 On scatter'd groups of palms, and seas of sand,—
 On the wide desert, and the desert's child,—
 On ruins made by time's destructive hand,—
 On temples, towers and columns laid in dust,—
 A land of crime, of tyranny, and lust.

O Egypt! Egypt! how art thou debased!—
 A Moslem slave upon Busiris' throne;
 And all thy splendid monuments defac'd!
 Long, long beneath his iron rod shall groan
 Thy hapless children; thou hast had thy day,
 And all thy glories now have pass'd away.

O! could thy princely dead rise from their graves,
 And view with me the changes Time has wrought,—
 A land of ruins, and a race of slaves,
 Where wisdom flourish'd and where sages taught,—
 A scene of desolation, mental night!—
 How would they shrink with horror from the sight!

Ancient of days! nurse of fair science, arts!
 All that refines and elevates mankind!
 Where are thy palaces, and where thy marts,
 Thy glorious cities, and thy men of mind?
 For ever gone!—the very names they bore,
 The sites they occupied, are now no more,

But why lament, since such must ever be
 The fate of human greatness, human pride?
 Ev'n those who mourn the loudest over thee,
 Are drifting headlong down the rapid tide
 That sweeps, resistless, to the yawning grave,
 All that is great and good, or wise and brave.

Ev'n thou, proud fabric! whence I now survey
 Scenes so afflicting to the feeling heart,
 Maugre thy giant strength, must sink, the prey
 Of hoary age, and all thy fame depart;
 In vain thy head, aspiring scales the sky,—
 Prostrate in dust that lofty head must lie.

The soul alone (the precious boon of Heaven)
 Can fearless brave of time and fate the rage,
 When to thy deep foundations thou art riven,
 Yea, Egypt! blotted from the historic page,
 She shall survive, shall ever, ever bloom,
 In radiant youth triumphant o'er the tomb.

FIRST MORNING OF SPRING.

BREAK from your chains ye lingering streams,
 Rise, blossoms, from your wintry dreams,
 Drear fields, your robes of verdure take,
 Birds, from your trance of silence wake,
 Glad trees, resume your leafy crown,
 Shrubs, o'er the mirror-brooks bend down,
 Bland zephyrs, wheresoe'er you stray,
 The Spring doth call you,—haste away.—
 —Thou too, my Soul, with quicken'd force
 Pursue thy brief, thy measur'd course.
 With grateful zeal each power employ,
 Catch vigor from Creation's joy,
 Stamp *love to God,—and love to man*,
 More deeply on thy shortening span,
 And still with added patience bear
 Thy crown of thorns, thy lot of care.—
 —But Spring with tardy step appears,
 Chill is her eye, and dim with tears,
 Fast are the founts in fetters bound,
 The flower-gems sink within the ground,
 Where are the warblers of the sky?
 I ask—and angry blasts reply.—
 —It is not thus in heavenly bowers,
 Nor ice-bound rill, nor drooping flowers,
 Nor silent harp, nor folded wing,
 Invade that everlasting Spring,
 Toward which we turn with wishful tear,
 While pilgrims in this wintry sphere.

Hartford, March 1, 1830.

TIME'S COLD HAND.

HERE are visions to shine in the eye of the youth,
 That appear as they ne'er will be faded ;
 Here are hopes that will beam with the splendor of truth,
 But soon will that splendor be shaded ;
 For tears on those hopes and those visions must fall ;
 Time's cold hand will touch them and wither them all.

Here are perfumes to steal on the senses of wealth,
 And wrap them in heavenly slumbers ;
 Here's a harp whose soft notes will flow by as in stealth,
 And call up sweet dreams with its numbers ;
 Yet tears on that harp and those perfumes must fall ;
 Time's cold hand will touch them and wither them all.

Here is Fancy, the poet to crown with its bays,
 And from heav'n fire ethereal to borrow ;
 Here is Feeling with mildness to hallow his days,
 And steal a few pangs from pale sorrow ;
 But tears upon feeling and fancy must fall ;
 Time's cold hand will touch them and wither them all.

AN EVENING IN JUNE.

THE clouds were dispersed, and the tempest was o'er,
 The crimson of evening illumined the sky,
 And the soft heaving waves as they rippled ashore,
 Gleamed bright with the tint of its magical dye.

The swallows were sweeping the fields of the air,
 The blackbird sung forth from its leafy retreat,
 And the flowers, renewed in their bloom, smiled as fair,
 As the long promised land at the Israelites' feet.

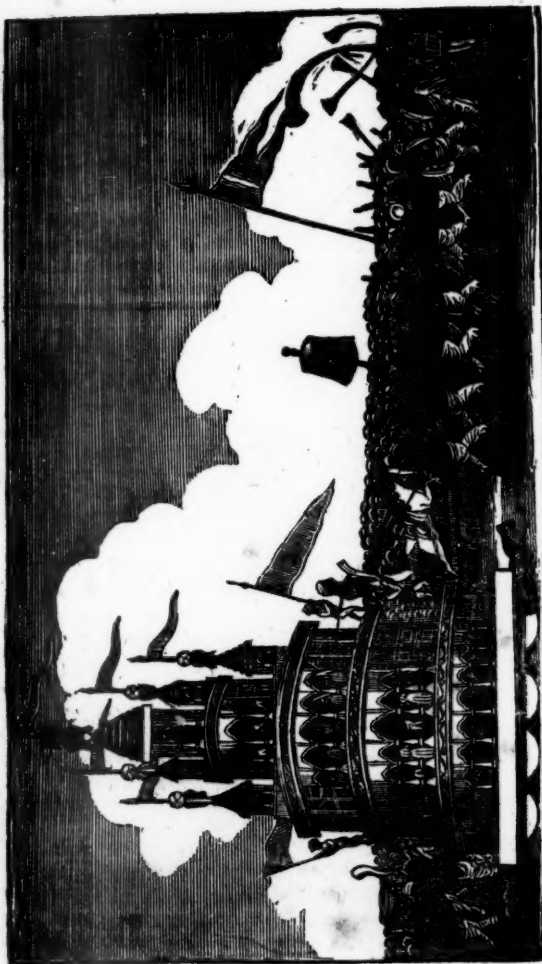
Beside me the roses and lilies were spread,
 The pink and carnation of delicate vest,
 The columbine lifted the pride of its head,
 And the dial of the sunflower was turned to the west.

The butterfly wantoned on wings of delight,
 While the bee on her errand of industry bent,
 Was rifling the blooms, at the fall of the night,
 For a noonday of tempest in idleness spent.

To the main, to the mountains, with love-blooming eye,
 Rejoicing I turned, and their looks were as calm,
 As the beautiful arch of that deep azure sky,
 Whose aspect was holy, whose zephyr was balm.

Oh! thus, ere the days of this pilgrimage cease,
 May the sunset of life be as placid and mild,
 The storms of Adversity stilled into peace,
 All passion becalmed, and all sorrow exiled!





THE CAR OF JUGGERNAUT.